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THE TERROR ABOVE US

MALCOM KENT

THE TERROR ABOVE US

THEY ARE WATCHING US

After Jason awoke and looked around he sat quite still in the cell staring at the young woman for what seemed to him to be hours. He remembers that his first words to her were, "You have been sitting just like that for an hour."

She replied to the best of his memory, "No, only for a few minutes."

That was Jason's clue. That and the fact that he had been awake, apparently fooling the aliens, while the strange experiments with his skin were performed and while the creatures expressed an odd curiosity about his parts.

Then she said that both of them were probably under observation and that, perhaps, if they would do what the aliens wanted, they would be set free.

Jason Steiner remembers wondering about that for some time and finally looking up strangely at the young girl. "You don't really expect me to believe they want to watch us, that they are voyeurs from another planet?"

THE TERROR ABOVE US

by

MALCOM KENT

A TOWER BOOK

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THE TERROR ABOVE US

Introduction

Until the strange story of Jason and Robert Steiner was revealed to me, and for a long while afterward, I did not believe in what are commonly called flying saucers. I had never seen one, nor had anyone of my acquaintance . . . that was talking. Of course I knew that many people claimed to have seen them, or things that looked like them, claimed even to be aboard them and, sometimes, to have communicated with alien humanoids. But I wrote off most of these reports as

madness or fraud. How could anyone communicate with an alien? I could never believe in telepathy. In short, I had no reason to suspect that those strange tales people told had any merit. But that was all before the Steiner case became my intimate concern.

I am a sober and rational human being. I do not believe I can be easily misled or fooled. I am a graduate of Cornell University and have a master's degree in political science from New York University. I am not uneducated.

For ten years I have been making my living as a free-lance writer. I have ghost written material for people whose names would be familiar to you. I have written speeches for politicians, businessmen and two ambassadors. I am known in circles which are sophisticated and fast. I am not the sort of person to take up a strange and unpopular cause like the existence of flying saucers without good reason. Whatever money I can make by writing about the Steiner affair, especially so soon after the Barney and Betty Hill case, will be far less than I might have made by devoting my time to my regular pursuits. Ambassadors and senators pay well.

There's more to the problem, of course. Being branded a "nut" by society at large is one thing. Suddenly finding your friends and family gazing at you in fear and wonder, as if you'd grown a third ear in the middle of your nose, is another. It's not easy to

come out and say the things I am about to. It strains a lot of one's important relationships.

But there may be something far more important here than we dare guess. Everyone who knows or suspects or guesses at the truth must speak up. The world must be alerted . . . the public must be alerted. The next few years may be more important in the history of the earth than any years that have preceded them. One's personal relationships seem awfully small when compared to that!

Therefore, although I could have related the Steiner affair accurately, without prejudice, completely and fairly, all without committing myself to one or another interpretation, I want at this time to come straight out and say *I believe*. I believe that Jason and Robert Steiner while driving home late one fog infested night where kidnapped by alien creatures and taken aboard an alien ship where strange and revealing experiments were made upon their bodies. I believe that they were in communication with at least one of the alien creatures. I believe that, after the experiments were completed, the Steiner brothers were post-hypnotically controlled to forget everything that had occured that night *and* to report back at a later date to the creatures who had kidnapped them.

I believe that for seven years after the incident neither brother fully remembered what had happened that night, but plagued by strange doubts and neu-

roses were driven—as were Barney and Betty Hill—to a psychiatrist for aid. I believe that the tale they finally revealed to this psychiatrist while under hypnosis was entirely true.

I believe that the psychiatrist related their case histories honestly to me, that he also believes that the Steiners were telling the truth.

I believe, in short, that it is not enough to do a good job of reporting. My personal association with the man I am going to call Doctor Brant was such that I, and I alone, was capable of getting the complete history you are about to read. In a way that's a sacred trust. I don't intend to misuse it.

After I have completed the entire episode, related it all, just as the Steiners told it to me, and explained how I became involved in a search for the vessel itself, seven years after the Steiners had first seen it, you, the reader, will be able to decide for yourself whether I am one of the insane or fraudulent I mentioned just before. Nothing I say now, of course, will convince you entirely. You will let a shadow of a doubt remain for the time being, and that is all to the good. So I will get as quickly as possible into the incidents as they occurred, into a description of the way Dr. Emmanuel Brant first brought me into the affair.

Those of you who already believe in flying saucers, however, will be interested to learn that the Steiner case is unique; nothing like it has ever been related in the journals of U.F.O. literature. Superficially it

resembles the case of Barney and Betty Hill, but it is actually far more than a corroboration of their night of horror.

Although it is more than likely that many similar incidents have occurred, none of them have yet been revealed. No one has yet remembered, or been forced to remember under the influence of drugs or hypnosis, who has cared to come forward and talk about it.

One of the reasons for this reticence, of course, is that a psychiatrist can fast lose his reputation and his patients. Unless the psychiatrist in question is so well-established that nothing and nobody could make a dent in his status, his livelihood is going to be endangered if he comes out with a story the likes of which you are about to read. Sometimes, as with Dr. Brant, more than his livelihood is involved.

Dr. Brant is a dedicated man. He is a doctor. He helps people who are ill. It's his life's work. Should anything come between him and his ability to help his patients Dr. Brant would have no reason to go on.

I have agreed, therefore, not to name him. It was only because we are old friends that he permitted me to write about The Steiner Affair at all, that he permitted me to review his file, his private notes and listen to the tape recordings of the hypnotic sessions with the Steiners. Whatever interest this case, this writing, provokes, nothing will dissuade me from remaining silent about the true identity of Brant and,

of course, of the Steiners themselves. That was the bargain that was made and I intend to keep my part of it. As Dr. Brant said once in connection with the case, "There may be nothing, there probably is nothing any of us can do anyway."

He meant that since the government refused to help, refused to admit to the existence of even the saucers—not the aliens, the humanoids, the experiments, the kidnappings, just the saucers—what could ordinary citizens do? What more than just alert the public to what is happening?

There's more. Not only is it ineffectual to make an inordinately large fuss, it's dangerous. Here it is. These are the facts. I'm going to present them, stand behind them, claim in front of my peers and my God that I believe them; but I'm not going to do any more than that.

Many men have been strangely silenced. Many men have disappeared. No one knows better than a writer who has begun to investigate UFO phenomena that such an investigation can become dangerous. No one knows what happens exactly but things do happen. Read Lex Barker's book entitled; THEY KNEW TOO MUCH ABOUT FLYING SAUCERS, if you have any doubts. Read all the books. And do what I ask you to do with mine. Decide for yourself how much truth there is to statements included in it.

All any writer can ask of his reader is that he keep an open mind.

The Beginnings

My name is Malcom Kent, I'm a free lance writer who makes most of his living as a ghost, a man who writes for other people, using other people's ideas. What you are about to read was my idea. All of it. That is, I decided to write about it under my own name because it is the truth as I know it.

On December 29, 1966, I went to the home of a close friend, Dr. Emmanuel Brant. At his home I was introduced to two other men, patients of the doctor,

both of whom had been entirely cured, Jason and Robert Steiner.

Jason Steiner is a computer programmer and Robert a technical writer. For the last eight years they have been employed by the same corporation in upstate New York. They recently decided to move back to New York City where they were born. Dr. Brant felt that Robert Steiner might learn a profitable way of earning a living by speaking to me as I, too, was a writer who had begun in a technical field.

Both Jason and Robert Steiner are bachelors. Jason is thirty-four and Robert thirty. They are both strong, good-looking men and it was easy to see why they were successful working for a large corporation.

At about nine that evening we five (Mrs. Brant was also there) were seated in the doctor's living room quietly talking. It was a situation in which I had found myself many time before.

Doctor Brant is a psychiatrist. We were classmates at the university we attended in New York State. We lost touch with each other after we were graduated but ran into each other again in June of 1960. We became good friends on an entirely different level from that which we had known in college.

We were much older, of course, and we were both relatively successful. Dr. Brant was just beginning to be known in certain circles as a competent and extremely intelligent young analyst and I was beginning

to get a reputation in the same circles as the man to come to if you wanted something written. Dr. Brant and I found we had many friends in common and many associates. I became a frequent guest at his house and met his wife Laura.

Laura is a dark-haired woman, extremely attractive, extremely graceful. She is tall and wears her hair long most of the time. She is accustomed to being rich and is an excellent hostess.

Paradoxically, Emmanuel is a small man. His wife is a good three inches taller than he. He sports a small beard, however, and appears capable and sharp. Both Emmanuel and Laura are warm congenial people.

Although it is never permitted to meet his patients while they are undergoing therapy, Emmanuel often invites them to his home after they have left his care. In that manner he not only enjoys their society but is able to watch over them for a while longer and to note his success or failure under more normal conditions than those which, of necessity, prevail at his office. He has often said that it is difficult for a patient to entirely break away from his analyst and that it should be made more difficult. Until the patient is able to do it at will, he is not completely cured. When a good, free friendship results between the former patient and his doctor—then things are fine.

Thus I was not surprised to meet the Steiner brothers socially and to have them introduced as

former patients of Emmanuel's. They felt no qualms at being thus introduced or, at any rate, revealed no such feelings.

At nine-thirty or thereabouts I took Robert Steiner aside and began to ask him about his writing plans. Emmanuel had already told me about them but I felt the best way to broach the subject was for me to ask a series of direct questions.

Robert told me that he intended to remain within the technical area and I told him a few things about the New York market. I mentioned a couple of names that I thought would interest him and he brought out a pen and wrote them down along with their phone numbers and addresses. I recommended a certain agent and he told me he would call him. That was that. I had done what I had come to do; I had helped out one of Emmanuel's former patients as best I could. The rest of the evening was spent chatting and I decided I liked the Steiner brothers and wouldn't mind meeting them again.

There was not mention of flying saucers. Nothing unusual was discussed. No one reacted strangely. The entire evening was pleasant and at the end of it I had no idea whatsoever of what had been troubling either of the brothers. I thought it odd that they had undergone therapy together, but that was all. Apparently, as Emmanuel had said, they were completely cured.

At about ten-thirty or eleven I rose, explained that

I had to leave, thanked Laura for asking me, said a polite goodnight to the Steiners and allowed Emmanuel to see me to the door.

Perhaps I was tempted to ask him what had been the matter with the Steiner brothers. They both seemed so stone cold sober, sane, rational, and well-adjusted that it was difficult to imagine anything troubling them, or at least so it appears in retrospect. I am not positive about anything I thought that night because I made no notes concerning it. At that time I hadn't the faintest idea that I would become more interested in those men and everything about them than I had ever been in anything before.

I can only commend Emmanuel for his silence. At no time did he reveal, or did anything he did hint at, the strange story he by that time believed completely, about the Steiners night and day aboard a flying saucer.

If I were forced to summarize my immediate impressions, however, upon just spending an evening with a couple of strangers named Steiner in an attempt to discuss them as unprejudicially as possible I would do so as follows:

Jason Steiner: Clean-cut company man of thirty-four. Looks younger. Large, good features. Probably extremely attractive to women. Pleasant company and apparently has a good mind. Not a thinker, however;

a mathematical person. Worked for large computer company as a senior programmer. Made approximately $15,000 a year. Tall, blond crew-cut, blue eyes. Anglo-saxon. Uses a Madison Avenue vocabulary and a New York accent slightly marred by years spent in upper portion of state. Interests include women, fishing, automobiles and old guns. (We talked a lot about firearms at that first meeting.) An extremely likeable if ordinary young man.

Robert Steiner. Very much like his older brother although clearly independent and strong. Also probably highly successful with women. Probably why neither of them are married. Taller, thinner, both in body and in features, than his older brother. Darker hair although not quite brown. Brown eyes. Always smiling pleasantly. Also button-down, three button-type. Wears hair short but flat against scalp *a la* Yale University late fifties early sixties. Has developed a peculiar speech for a New York boy. Probably got it at an expensive Eastern college. Wouldn't be surprised if it were Yale. Moves his hands a lot when he talks, unlike Jason who holds them steady on his knee. Quicker, more all-American somehow than his older brother, probably more involved with social life, automobiles, the right wine or liquor than his brother. A good fellow to hunt or camp with but not as solid, and for me, not as likeable as Jason. Mind seems quicker but probably more superficial than

brother's. Talked a lot about the farm they had upstate, the dogs. Isn't going to be as happy in the city as he was in the country and it is curious that they are moving down here. Seems extremely calm and in control. Perhaps the first thing that strikes you about him is that. He seems to constantly know where he is and what he is thinking about. An admirable trait.

II

I heard nothing more of the Steiners, either Jason or Robert for three weeks. I was forced, that month, to endure a cross-country trip with a politician who had the strange idea that making a slew of speeches immediately after his election was the wisest thing he had ever done. He called it "the immediate continued sell." At any rate he paid well and I did not return to New York City before January fifteenth.

When I did I found that Emmanuel had called several times leaving no message other than that he had phoned. After I had cleared away my mail and made some important personal calls, I phoned him at his office. He was with a patient but his secretary said she knew he wanted to speak with me and that he would call back at the end of the session.

I was in my den when the call came through. I remember because it was that day I began to make

notes. It was at Manny's request although I still did not know why. I had, in fact, not the glimmer of an idea.

"Mal?" Manny's voice queried when I lifted the receiver.

"Hi Manny? How goes it?"

"All right, Mal . . . well, maybe not so all right."

"What's up . . . nothing wrong with Laura?"

"Oh no. Nothing like that. Listen Mal, do you remember the Steiner brothers, Jason and Robert?"

"Sure. Nice guys," I answered. I was curious suddenly. I had no idea what was on Manny's mind but it was true I remembered the Steiner brothers very well.

"Remember the younger one . . . Robert?"

"Sure. What of it?"

"He's had a relapse Mal," Manny said and his tone sounded highly unprofessional. To have heard him then, one would have never believed he was a psychiatrist and hardened to mental pain.

"I'm sorry to hear that," I said, and I was. I had liked Robert Steiner. Thought he was a fine young man. I had even intended to call the agent I had recommended to him to see whether he had called and how he was doing.

"I thought you would be," Manny said.

"But, Manny, why tell me about it? Aren't you doing everything that's possible?"

"Sure, oh sure, but listen Mal, this is no ordinary

case you know and I'm a little up in the air about it . . . even a good psychiatrist can use some lay help on occassion—"

"Whoa, slow down boy," I said. "Let me get this straight. Are you asking me for help? If so I can't imagine why. And what do you mean this is no ordinary case? I haven't the faintest idea what you're talking about. I had no idea what was wrong with those felows—"

"Listen," Manny cut in. "Do you think you can come up here some time today, I'd like to see you in the office."

"Huh?"

"Yes. And listen Mal. You're a writer. I'd appreciate it if you'd make notes about this conversation, would you? And about the evening when you met the Steiners. It was the—"

"Manny," I said, "I know when it was, but for the love of Mike will you please give me some idea—"

"Can you come up around noon?"

"Noon?" I answered, flabbergasted to say the least.

"Yes, noon, can you?"

"I guess so Manny, all right. . . ."

"Good, see you then," he said and hung up, leaving me confused and strangely on edge. I replaced the receiver in the cradle and sat back in my chair.

It was some time later that I got up and made a detailed memory report of the phone conversation I

had had with Manny, as he requested. As it turned out I never had the time to make notes about the evening of December 29 as he had also requested. If I was to be at his uptown office by noon I hadn't the time.

I left my apartment and took a cab and in the cab I did some more thinking. A psychiatrist does not ask a writer to help him with a case. No writer is qualified. Certainly something very special was afoot. Whatever it was it involved more than a simple case of anal fixation or kleptomania.

I arrived at Dr. Brant's office and took the elevator to the fifth floor. I suppose I ought to give the reader some idea of what the building was like, just for the feel of the thing. It was one of those large apartment buildings in the upper west side of Manhattan that were built around the turn of the century to house the rich. Those buildings are the only ones in the entire city that are designed as multiple dwellings which have any charm at all. Emmanuel's building was one of the nicest. Forgive me if I don't reveal the actual address. Enough psychiatrists are housed in the general neighborhood to keep his secret.

The office itself was very much like any luxurious apartment. There was a waiting room, which was more like a living room, and a small alcove in which Manny's secretary and nurse sat behind a small desk

and studied her notes or typed the doctor's last session from the tape.

Almost as soon as I arrived I was shown in to the doctor's chambers and found Manny sitting behind his desk scribbling something on a note pad. He looked as quiet and composed as usual, belying the tone he had used on the phone, but as soon as he looked up and found my glance, I noticed he let his face relax. It was a highly professional gesture and I immediately admired him for it. I'd never seen him or anyone else do it before, but I supposed it was a necessary thing for a psychiatrist. When his face relaxed it suddenly seemed older, more worried than it had when he appeared serene.

"Manny," I said and sat down on the large comfortable chair to the right of his desk. I had never been in his inner sanctum before, and I let my eyes rove around. No couch.

Manny got up and strolled over to a portable bar and mixed a drink asking me whether I wanted one. I declined.

"Listen, Mal," he began. "I have a rather strange tale to tell you, but before I do I want your word that you will never mention my name in connection with what you will hear today, in this room."

"Now hold on one minute, Manny," I countered. "That's a little unfair isn't it. Just to ask that straight

out? I'm your friend and you ought to know that there's nothing that you might tell me in confidence that I will ever discuss unless circumstances demand it, I mean really demand it, but you ought to leave me that opening at least."

"I can't," Manny said.

"It's about the Steiner brothers isn't it?" I ventured.

Manny nodded his head and then said, "Listen, Mal, a psychiatrist, a lawyer, a detective, all have the right, the obligation, never to reveal anything told them by a client. Of course things are entirely different for a writer. Your obligation is to the public and to the truth, the whole truth. I understand that. I want you to write about the things I'm going to tell you, frankly that's what's in this for you . . . but I want you to disguise the parties so that there is no chance of detection—and I mean none!"

"All right, that's what's in it for me, whatever it is, but why did you ask me Manny instead of—"

"You think I should call in another psychiatrist if I'm having more trouble with a patient than I can handle," Manny suggested.

"Right," I answered strongly.

"It might very well ruin me," Manny said quietly. "And it would hurt my patients."

I just sat there. I thought the whole thing over

but could not get a wedge in any place to see what I might be letting myself in for. Of course, I had to agree. Manny knew that. I was one of his oldest friends and I trusted him completely. It only made sense, the best kind of sense, that I return that trust, that is, make damn sure that he could trust me completely.

"All right, Manny," I said but it beats me. I don't understand why you want to tell anyone if it might ruin you, even me."

"That'll become clear enough, Mal. The thing is I can't tell another professional person, for fear, quite frankly, of being laughed out of my practice. I won't subject my patients, patient rather, Jason is cured, I hope, to analysis at anyone else's hands for fear of losing the delicate balance of sanity I have established and I can't go to someone who is a specialist in the field because their loyalty might be to the strange facts of the case and not to the Steiners. My loyalty is to the Steiners."

"What strange facts," I asked. It seemed the natural question after all.

"That'll come out in due time. I want to finish telling you why I chose you. You see you're not just a close friend and trustworthy. You've a good deal of free time. If you should become interested in this case you'll have the time and money to investigate it fully.

For someone else it might become either frustrating or ruinous . . . if someone undertook to investigate this—uh—phenomena, and if he hadn't the time, he might make the time and lose his job or—"

"For the love of Mike, Manny, what strange phenomena?'

"Patience Mal, I'm not finished. Just one more thing before I get down to brass tacks. That's this: I do want you to get involved. I fully expect you to get involved. That's precisely why I decided to go to you and not someone else who might, in a long shot, have the other qualifications I mentioned. I want you to get involved and go after this thing and take Robert Steiner with you and help him kill his fear of this thing once and for all."

"What thing?" I asked my friend feeling completely exhausted. A session like that can be tiring more quickly than people imagine. If you doubt it, try it some time. Remember that I had no idea whatsoever of what was going on, of what Dr. Brant was talking about, of what Robert Steiner was suffering from. Now I suspected it was some sort of phobia. When I had thought about it earlier that day I thought perhaps it was kleptomania which was why it had been on my mind in the taxi. Remember that Dr. Brant was telling me about a relapse of a patient whom I had met and had found to be stone sober, rational

and charming. Kleptomania was just about the only thing I could imagine.

"All in due time, I'll tell you what thing." Manny said again; then he went back to his chair, sat down in it, folded his hands over his stomach and said, "Remember, Mal. I have your word on this."

The Psychiatric Angle

I had known for some time that Emmanuel was accustomed to using hypnosis when he had a case he felt demanded it. He is an eclectic, that is, he follows no particular school of psychiatric thought, either Freud's or Jung's or that of the neo-Freudians, etc., but does whatever he feels a particular situation, not a particular discipline warrants.

When he was first confronted with the Steiner case he decided to study each of the brothers separately.

This is standard practice. Regardless of the complaint, regardless of the relationship, no knowledgeable analyst will attempt to treat more than one person at a time. (I am not discussing group therapy now but straight psychoanalysis.)

Dr. Brant was at first extremely curious that the brothers were so close. That they lived together, worked together and dated together was normal for a couple of bachelors, but for them to come to a psychiatrist together was something else entirely. Frankly, Dr. Brant first suspected something rather deviational. After he had talked with the brothers for five minutes, however, he dismissed his first idea.

Jason, the eldest, did most of the talking. Both he and Robert had been suffering from strange fears. They did not seem to be able to drive together at night. Days were fine but when they had, for one reason or another, to drive some place together at night they both experienced strange fears and anxieties. One night when they were driving home from New York City they were quite near their house in the country when they ran smack into a thick fog.

Jason immediately slowed the car, then stopped it entirely. He began to shake and sweat uncontrollably. He had no idea what the matter with him was and felt that perhaps he was having a heart attack. He knew he wanted to flee the car. He knew he wished to God that his brother Robert weren't with him.

But he fought to control himself and then made himself look over at his brother.

By then other cars had stopped behind them on the road and were honking loudly. He, Jason, wondered why in the world his brother wasn't doing something to help him in his plight. When he looked over at the passenger seat he saw Robert doubled up, staring straight down at the floor of the car, shaking like a leaf. The honking continued bringing Jason around and he fought himself and started the car again. Soon they were out of the fog and the anxiety and the pain (there had been actual chest pain) stopped. Robert seemed to be somewhat relieved as well.

When they got home they talked about it and decided that this was not unusual for them. They both knew that what they had just experienced was merely an extreme case of something they had both felt for years; this inexplicable fear of driving together at night.

Whenever either of them drove alone at night, or with another person at night, things were manageable. When they drove together things were constantly near the brink.

They decided to see a doctor. Their corporation doctor recommended Emmanuel Brant.

There were other symptoms of mental difficulty. In the area in which the Steiners were living the corporation for which they worked was the entire social,

cultural, political and business life. There was nothing else around except a minor girls college a few miles south. Because the corporation was so large it had organized a country club, and social events of all kinds. To be on the outs with one's boss was to be out, period.

Whenever Jason Steiner had, in the course of his daily work, to test a program on a computer he began to experience fears similar to the ones he had felt when driving at night with his brother. Jason Steiner was a programmer. After a week or two weeks work in an office he had, invariably, to go down to the machine room and actually run his present project on the giant brains. (The brains are actually complex, lightning fast adding machines with vast memory areas as anyone who has done any reading about computers can tell you.)

Jason's company's computers were equipped with high-speed, tape-drive memory units. Eight or ten tapes would whir and real off information and instructions to the computer simultaneously. It was always at this time that Jason felt queer. The fact that the information and instructions on the tapes were information and instructions which Jason himself had put there seemed, to him, to be of little consolation.

Whenever the tapes began to roll Jason felt nervous. He felt so nervous that he knew he had to have help quickly or he would lose both his job and the respect of his community. He knew he was fighting a losing

battle against a powerful neurotic urge to destroy the tape-drive units—not the computers, but for some inexplicable reason, just the whirring units that held the magnetic tapes.

When Jason and Robert did, finally, come to see Dr. Brant and had made their appointment with his secretary, Jason revealed his fear of the tape units to his brother. It was then that Jason learned that Robert, too, had similar fears. The brothers were astounded. They had no idea of what was driving them, of what they were running from. They begged the doctor to help them.

They were both rational, reasonable men with good backgrounds and healthy normal childhoods. They were both educated. They had no history of disturbance of any kind, nor had any member of their immediate family. Except for their inexplicable fears that they felt they were absolutely normal. It was no wonder that they requested sound, professional help.

II

Dr. Brant commenced his treatment of the brothers in a conventional way. He set up a schedule according to which Jason and Robert spent two hours a week each in his office, separately. The sessions were always in the evening because the train trip down state was one that lasted over two hours, and the

evenings were the only time either of the brothers could get free They both, of course, continued to hold their jobs.

After the first few weeks of therapy the brothers felt a distinct change in their attitudes toward the situations which had provoked them to see Dr. Brant in the first place. The change in their attitudes was for the best. They no longer felt helpless before them. They had both been given courage by the doctor.

But Dr. Brant himself did not consider this important. In all his sessions with the brothers he had made no real progress. He had found no clue whatsoever to their strange behavior. He was completely perplexed, perplexed almost to the point of frustration.

Of course he was happy that he had been able to bouy up the brothers, to give them some hope that he was making progress and to thus make it easier for them to face their fears. But he knew very well that their hope, their courage, was spurious. It would all deflate as soon as the brothers realized that Brant himself was no closer to analyzing their problems than he had been the day before they met.

In most cases Dr. Brant had treated he had been able to put his finger on something, on some strange or unhappy memory, on some queer logical step on the part of the patient, on something in the patient's make-up or reaction to his environment which would give him a clue to the patient's problem. Sometimes, of course, he was wrong, but most of the time the

doctor would find a place to begin almost immediately.

When he didn't or when he wasn't sure of his initial conclusion, he would pull out his patient's file or tape and study and listen until he came up with something he had previously missed. He always had something by the third week.

The Steiner case was his first failure, for, indeed, he thought of it as a failure for a long time.

Just as the brothers themselves had contended, their childhoods were unmarred by neurotic interference on the part of their parents, by peculiar, guilt-laden incidents. They were as well-adjusted a pair, or ought to have been, as he had ever come across.

Unlike most people of Dr. Brant's acquaintance, both in and out of his office, they were so well-adjusted, so self-sufficient, that they had both remained bachelors. They both liked their work and felt fulfilled by it. They had both led fairly quiet but normal lives.

In the fourth week of therapy the doctor decided to pursue the question of sex. He began with Jason and asked him a series of questions about his early sexual experiences and his present dating habits, a standard series to be sure and not one on which the doctor had ever had to rely upon previously. They revealed nothing unusual in Jason.

The following evening he tried the same series on Robert and got his first clue.

The symptoms the brothers experienced had been traced back in thir analysis to 1958 or 59. That was about the first time they could remember feeling any disquiet while driving together. It was in 1962 or 1963 that they had both begun to experience their fear of the computer tape mechanisms.

In 1958 or 1959 Robert's dating habits underwent a strange change. Up until that time he had been a heavy dater. In college he had been one of the favorites on campus and his social life was as important to him as his studies. He had always dated about three girls at once and was not unaccustomed to enjoying their favors although they each knew he had other women.

When he first joined the company which his brother worked for he had continued this practice. He dated almost every good-looking secretary and stenographer in his plant building, then moved to the other complexes. In his first year there he got a reputation for being a ladies man.

In the fall of 1957 he met a girl named Joan. She worked in the research department of the same company. That winter, just after Christmas, they became engaged. It was that summer that the brothers first remembered feeling at all odd in their automobile. (They had two then, a Dodge and a Ford.) It was that summer that Robert broke his engagement to Joan and stopped dating altogether for about six months.

His brother thought it was his unhappiness at having split with the one woman for whom he had obviously felt enough to propose that was behind his cessation of almost all his social activities. But Robert denied this. He said his brother had been wrong. Joan did not mean that much to him nor did anyone else of the female sex.

About six months later Robert started dating again but never to the same extent that he had previously. He would take out many women but never more than one at a time and he became forgetful. He would have to be reminded that he had a date and with whom. He never spoke about his sexual exploits to his brother any more. According to Robert there weren't any to talk about. He had bowed out of that scene.

This was Dr. Brant's first clue to the strange behavior of the brothers.

The next evening neither brother was scheduled to arrive and the doctor spent it thinking over the things Robert had revealed to him the night before. He hoped that he was finally on to something. It certainly seemed promising. A sexual aspect to almost any psychiatric case is usually revealing. It is usually the thing that most people feel guilty about, or are confused about.

He replayed the tapes of the session with Robert, then the one of the previous session with Jason. Jason's habits had always been healthy. Although they had never been as excessive as Robert's, neither

had they undergone any change whatsoever in the summer of 1958 or any other time. Jason dated three or four women a year, was friends with all the women he ever dated still (with one or two exceptions) and slept with about one-third the women he dated. He had a fairly normal, fairly regular sex life

The next evening Dr. Brant asked Jason to talk about his brother's dating habits. Jason verified, in almost every detail, the things which Robert had stated the evening before the last. Jason did not know, but did suspect, that Robert's sexual activities had ceased almost entirely. He could offer no explanation for this. He had given it some thought at the time and had actually, to his memory, discussed it with Robert a few months after Robert had broken his engagement with Joan.

To his recollection Robert had had no reason for breaking it off. Jason could imagine none. Robert had neither offered one nor hinted of one when Jason questioned him about it. This was unusual for Robert who was in the habit of confiding in his older brother. No, Jason could still not account for the break nor had Robert, in the seven years since it, given him much help in understanding it.

Yes, Jason did think it queer.

Had Robert changed in any other way since, say, 1957?

Yes, he was less jovial, less light than he had been.

Why?

Jason did not know.

Would he venture a guess.

He couldn't.

Would he be surprised to find out that Robert had enjoyed no sexual activity since the summer of 1958? Or, at any rate, had not been with a woman in say, five years?

Jason would be not only surprised he would be astounded, he revealed. He knew his brother's activities had fallen off, but he could not believe they had terminated, so to speak; certainly no man could go five years without a woman.

Dr. Brant thanked Jason and asked him a few questions about the tape-drive mechanisms again and dismissed him.

It was the first time that he ended a session with either brother by expressing confidence in the analysis.

He was sure then that he was on to something.

Hypnosis

Something had happened in the summer of 1958; it had happened to both the Steiners; it was buried so far in their subconscious minds that neither of them suspected it; it had effected Robert so seriously he was still unable to enjoy normal sex relations with a woman; it had effected both brothers so severely they were unable to drive together at night and unable to confront a simple tape-drive mechanism which their work sometimes required.

These were the conclusions formed by Dr. Brant at the end of the fourth week of analysis of the Steiner brothers. His logic was simple.

The Steiner brothers had had normal childhoods. They were self-sufficient, if anything, super-normal people prior to the summer of 1958. After it they were in bad shape and getting worse.

Dr. Brant's course was now clear. He had to concentrate on that period of time in his analysis, go over it again and again with the brothers, until he could find a chink in the armor of their sub-conscious. Perhaps one of the brothers would say something that the other would contradict. Perhaps one of them could be brought to the point where his subconscious would voluntarily give up the hidden information. Meanwhile the brothers were progressing well. It had been the doctors advice that they avoid, whenever possible, the situations which caused them anxiety. They drove together as little as possible which was easy because they had two cars, and they made as few trips to the machine rooms at their installation as their work required.

The courage with which the doctor had been able to imbue them stood them in good stead. They were grateful to Dr. Brant and wanted more than anything to cooperate with him.

Emmanuel had asked Jason not to reveal his concentration on Robert's sexual problem and he himself did not reveal it in the next sessions. That, the doctor

felt, would reveal itself in time. Whatever happened in the summer of 1958 would eventually come out and when it did the reason it had given Robert sexual trauma would too. Emmanuel preferred not to go about it backwards and start with the sex. That had been the clue and nothing more. His analysis would center on that summer.

At the first session the following week, Dr. Brant concentrated on Jason's thoughts concerning the girl Robert had been about to marry. Perhaps something had happened between them.

Jason's reactions were exemplary. Dr. Brant had no reason to believe that any jealousy over the girl had existed between the brothers. Although Jason liked Joan very much he had never wanted to date her. He did not envy his brother's possession of her nor did it make him think of marrying.

Dr. Brant's understanding of Jason at that time was complex and assured and he felt that Jason was telling the truth. He crossed off the possibility that something had happened between Jason and Joan which had brought about Robert's dissatisfaction with the arrangement to marry. That ended the session.

The following evening was Robert's turn. The younger brother discussed his affair with Joan openly. He had liked her very much and then had cooled off, that was all. Jason had never disapproved of Joan nor had he approved either. Robert's announcement that he was going to marry the girl had caught Jason off

guard but he was certainly not displeased by it. He had been very busy that summer.

Robert delt with the suggestion that Jason might have been in love with Joan himself with a laugh. Jason had only met Joan once before the engagement was announced and had been busy himself that summer with a woman from the girls school, a teacher of economics. The idea that Jason might have made a play for Joan behind Robert's back was just silly, Robert contended. It was so silly he couldn't even resent it.

Dr. Brant was satisfied. He didn't take Robert's word for Jason's possible exemplary behavior with the fiancee of his brother but used the following psychoanalytic logic:

If whatever had caused Robert sexual trauma had involved both Jason and Joan, Robert would not have been able to deal with the suggestion lightly in analysis. His mind would balk and back away from the idea.

Probably the incident, whatever it was, had not even involved the girl Joan.

The next session with Jason proved fruitless again. There was nothing special that he remembered that summer. The weather had been fair, he thought, he really couldn't remember. He remembered that neither he nor Robert had vacationed, that Robert had been with the company only a short time. The affair with the lady who taught economics had been so uneventful that he had all but forgotten her name. Unfortunately, as far as Dr. Brant was concerned, he was able to recall it with no difficulty after thinking about it for a moment. His subconscious wasn't keeping it from him.

It was at that point that Dr. Brant had his first brilliant insight into the entire case. He began to concentrate, in his conversation with Jason, on the Ford.

He asked Jason to describe the Dodge first. He did so without hesitation. He remembered the color, the pattern of upholstery on the seats, the way the car had handled. Remember Jason loved cars, guns and things of that kind. He was a man's man. It was not unusual for him to think of the car as something with a personality of its own.

Then Dr. Brant began to ask about the Ford. The Ford was Robert's car, Jason remarked. He almost never drove it.

The doctor asked him if he could remember what color it was and Jason said he could not. When the doctor insisted, he found that Jason balked for the first time in analysis. He said the car had been black, finally, and Dr. Brant had the feeling he was lying. The session ended with Jason hesitantly recalling certain features of the automobile. He was upset and looked haggard and said that he had been thinking of terminating the analysis, that it hadn't been getting anywhere.

Dr. Brant recognized Jason's feelings. He was back-

ing away now that the doctor was getting close. Emmanuel asked him to think it over and said that he would discuss it again with him the next time. The session was over.

The next evening when Robert's hour came Emmanuel was somewhat anxious. He made note of that fact in his journal of the case. He felt he was on to something definite at last.

Robert was extremely relaxed when the hour began. He talked about Jason's Dodge matter of factly. He remembered, too, what it had been like to drive and joked about the way it took the steep curve below the computer installation. He said he drove it fully as much as his brother and that, in fact, both cars were interchangeable; although the Dodge was registered under Jason's name and the Ford under his, they thought of the cars as theirs and not one or the other's.

Dr. Brant asked Robert to describe the Ford. He couldn't. He said it had been too long ago. He claimed that Jason did most of the driving most of the time that he was the one who was interested in cars. He didn't remember how it had been to drive the Ford and he vehemently denied that it was thought of as his automobile. It was "theirs" he said.

At the end of the session Robert Steiner suggested that the analysis be terminated. Dr. Brant asked him to think it over and discuss it with him at the next hour. The session was over.

II

It was the next weekend that Dr. Brant first thought of using hypnosis. The fact that both brothers had suggested terminating the analysis was enough to indicate that their subconscious minds would put up one hell of a fight to keep back the incident or series of incidents that had caused them both to have traumas in the summer of 1958 and Robert to have so serious a psychological obstruction that he would be unable to function as a man again without help. The doctor had encountered extreme reluctance to cooperate when close to a secret before and he had often resolved to use hypnosis. He had found it more quickly effective than anything else.

Although hypnosis in the hands of a quack can be dangerous, in the hands of a competent physician it can be a useful tool, almost an indespensable one in some of the more difficult cases. It has a long and reputable history in psychoanalysis. If the doctor was correct, he could save hours and hours of expensive therapy by jumping right into a program of hypnosis. His post-hypnotic suggestion could help the brothers to face the situations which caused them anxiety if nothing else; and now that they themselves had suggested terminating the analysis, the odds were better than even that those situations would cause anxiety

more great than before, certainly greater than they had caused in the first weeks of analysis with Dr. Brant.

The doctor called the Steiners and asked them to come to his office together that Monday evening.

They arrived at eight which was their usual hour. They took seats in Emmanuel's office and stared straight at him. They seemed almost controlled by the same force.

Emmanuel told them that he had asked them to come together because they had each, independently of the other, suggested terminating the analysis. He said he was not charging either of them for the hour he was then spending with them. He said that the reason they had suggested termination was because he was closing in on something which their subconscious mind didn't want revealed. He said that if they really wanted to be cured, now was the time to go full-speed ahead. The very fact that they wanted to stop proved that progress was about to be made. He asked them to have courage and carry on.

They agreed. They further agreed to Manny's suggestion that they subject themselves to hypnotic analysis. They were quick to see that it was probably the quickest and most painless way to go through it. The doctor promised to keep their sessions taped and to play the tapes back to them at their request anytime they wanted to hear them. This was standard procedure with Emmanuel and still is. It has pitfalls, of

course, in case of a session the doctor thinks ought to be kept from the patient, but it inspires confidence. It has not yet worked against Emmanuel. It proved more than effective with the Steiners.

They both immediately agreed to begin. They apologized for suggesting terminating the analysis and said they understood now why they had felt compelled to do so. The doctor asked Robert to return the next evening and said he would begin with him. The brothers left to take in a movie as long as they were in town together and Emmanuel spent the evening listening to the tapes of his last session.

He was sure the clue to the whole episode was now the Ford. Something had happened in 1958 while Jason and Robert were driving the Ford. Probably it had happened in a fog. It had been in a fog that they had experienced their most brutal reactions, the reactions which had first led them to Emmanuel's office. Manny listened carefully to the tapes, closed his office and went home.

It is with a chuckle that I imagine him going home that evening. He was in much the same perplexing situation that he put me in that day in his office when he first brought me into the affair. He knew something very strange was afoot but hadn't a clue to what it was.

Whatever it was it was something the likes of which he had never encountered in his practice. He only hoped that he was equal to it.

The Terror Above

The hypnosis took. Brant is an excellent hypnotist and was soon able to induce a trance in either of the brothers within five minutes of their arrival in his office.

The first few sessions were spent accustoming the brothers to the procedure and attempting post-hypnotic suggestion specifically with regard to the two situations which caused them both anxiety. The doctor was surprised to find that they took suggestion

extremely well, that everything went without a hitch.

He noted that both the brothers seemed far more relaxed than they had previously. He began to recognize that their ordinary state was one of greater tension than either of them revealed. They had apparently been so long accustomed to the condition that both of them wore it well.

For the first time in years they were beginning to relax.

During the third session with Jason, toward whom the doctor felt most sympathetic and with whom he felt best able to communicate, he began to trace the history of the summer of 1958.

He used Robert's affair with Joan only as a starting point but found it almost worthless. He then began to ask Jason if he could remember any of his meetings that summer with the girl from the women's college.

Jason talked easily and Emmanuel was heartened. Soon he would be accustomed to speaking of that summer without hesitation. He began to concentrate on the car.

"Tell me Jason, did you ever use the Ford on any of your dates with Maryanne?" Maryanne was the teacher's name.

"Sometimes," Jason answered. He was sitting in the chair at the side of the doctors desk, his head relaxed against the green leather, his eyes open and staring straight ahead. He was in a deep trance.

"Can you remember any of the times specifically?"

"We went to the Red Barn in the Ford. It got a flat, I had to fix it in the mud. It had rained the day before and it was still . . . still cloudy . . . damp."

"Did you ever drive the Ford in the fog, Jason? Try to remember, it's very important."

"In the fog?"

"Yes. Weren't you driving the Ford in the fog one night? Was Maryanne with you?"

"No . . . we were alone."

"We? Who were you with, Jason"

"We were alone . . . Robert and I. We were coming back from here."

"From here? What do you mean Jason."

"The city. We were coming back from the city."

"Where were you when it happened, Jason?"

"Near the house. It had been a long drive and Robert was tired he was sleeping . . . leaning up against the door on his side . . . I was worried about him."

"Go on."

"It's not important."

"Go on, Jason."

"Must I? Do I have to, doctor?"

"It's very important that you do, Jason, please."

"We turned off the main highway onto the narrow one, thirteen, and drove along it for a few miles. We hit the beginning of the fog about a mile before the turn off to the house . . . farm house, deserted, two miles in from the road.

"We had to slow down. I turned to Robert saw

he was still sleeping and had to crawl, watching out for landmarks to know when to turn into the dirt road."

"When did you turn in, Jason? Go on."

"After a while. It seemed like a long time because I was tired. It was late at night."

"What time, exactly?"

"It was about three-thirty."

"In the morning?"

"Yes. Very late at night. We turned in and the fog was very thick. . . . Finally we came to the rise."

"The rise?"

"About a mile and a half in from thirteen, the road goes up the easy side of a hill and comes to a rise, goes down the steep side. . . . We were crawling, going very slow, road has no shoulders. When we came to the rise the fog ended, like driving through a curtain. I turned and saw that Robert was up and then. . . ."

There is a long pause at the tape at this point. Finally the doctor's voice comes in.

"Go on, Jason, don't be afraid of it. It's important that you go on."

"Nothing."

"There was nothing there."

"Not yet. Robert was up but said nothing, he was peering over the rise."

"Weren't you driving on?"

"It was a funny thing . . . fog ended so quickly, it

was still behind us . . . like half the car was in it and half the car wasn't. It was very queer. I was strained too, driving so slowly for about an hour. Robert asked about the funny. . . ."

"Yes, Jason. What did Robert ask?"

"Funny smell."

"What did it smell like."

"Metal, steel when you have it right up to your nose. . . . Robert asked about the fog. Said, 'How long were we in that, Jay?' "

"Did you answer him?"

"I'm getting very tired, doctor. Could we go on later?"

"Just a little longer, Jason. Did you answer him right away?"

"No. Just held the car at the rise. Funny odor. It was all very odd. Then I said that we had been in the fog since the corners, a place back near where thirteen goes through a small town."

"Yes."

"Then . . . then we heard the beeping sound, like some kind of warning sound and Robert saw it first . . . couldn't we stop now doctor?"

"What did he see, Jason. Tell me that and we'll stop until the next time."

"The saucer. He saw the saucer. It was in the air to the right where there was still some fog. After a while we could make out its shape. We saw the lights first. It was just hovering there. Big thing. Robert saw

it first and said, 'Jay, Jay, look over here.' I think he thought he was dreaming, having just woken up in the fog. But I was up. I saw it."

II

Despite his burning curiosity to continue the doctor ended the session then both from fear of over taxing his patient and because he wanted to think about the kind of questions he would ask about the things Jason had revealed to him.

He told Jason that he would forget everything that he had said to the doctor, that he would not ask to hear the tapes of that session (something he was usually reluctant to do) and that he would feel relaxed and well for the rest of the week. It was long after Jason's hour and he woke him.

The patient did seem relaxed and well and did not query the doctory about what he had revealed, asking only whether any real progress had been made. Doctor Brant admitted that perhaps he was on to something and bid his patient goodnight.

He could hardly wait to hear Robert's version of the same incident.

The following evening Robert went into his trance quickly, almost lightly, as if it were of no consequence. He was smiling as the doctor put him to sleep and there was still a trace of a smile about his lips

as the doctor began to query him about the incident.

"I want you to think back, Bob, back to the summer of 1958. You and Jason are driving from N.Y.C. and you feel very tired. It's quite late, early morning in fact, and you fall asleep in the passengers seat. When you wake up you find that Jason is crawling through a fog. You are on the dirt road to the house, about a mile and a half along the road when you come to the hill and the rise. Jason stops the car as you come out of the fog. What happened then?"

Again there is a pause on the tape. The doctor had to prompt Robert to tell him his version of the incident.

"Don't be afraid, Bob, tell me what happened. It's for the best."

"Yes. Did you smell anything odd?'

"Funny metal odor. Asked Jason how long we'd been in the fog."

"What did he say?"

"Just sat there. Then I looked around and heard the beep just as I saw the lights. Squinted. Out to the right where there shouldn't have been anything at all, just air, a series of lights, flashing on and off, kept staring through the fog made out the shadow of a ship . . . wasn't afraid yet."

"What did you do then?"

"Asked Jason whether he saw it too . . . he said he did, said there had to be some explanation for it. . . . I rolled down my window, opened the car door. Jason

asked where I was going. I said I wanted to get a closer look at the thing."

"What did you think it was?"

"Flying saucer, of course, what else could it be?"

"Why did you think that?"

"I saw it. It was a flying saucer. What else could it be, out there in the air, shaped like a saucer, hovering, lights, over the hillside."

"What did you do?"

"I got out. I'd read a lot about them, thought that probably they were real, wasn't afraid yet."

"What did Jason do?"

"He pulled up the handbreak and left the car on the rise, got out his side. Had a revolver in the glove compartment but left it there, didn't want to fight, just wanted to see what it was really like.

"We came to the side of the road together and stood on the rise looking at it. It was shaped like a disc, thick in the middle with lights just above the middle section, big flashing lights that seemed kind of yellow in the fog. It wasn't on the hill and it wasn't in the air over it, it had just seemed that way from the car. It was about forty feet over the marshy field near the farm, it was just so big it looked like it had been right there by the side of the hill."

"What did you do then?"

"Got back into the car and Jason backed up?"

"Why did he do that?"

"Get back into the fog, figured we could see them

but if we backed up and shut off the lights they wouldn't be able to see us."

"Did you discuss that strategy with Jason?"

"No. I wanted to drive down to it, maybe honk the horn, honk the numerical formula for *Pi*, show them we were friendly. But Jason got in and I got in and we didn't say anything to each other, he just backed up and killed the lights."

"And then. . . ."

"I wanted to go down there, I said 'Jay, I want to go down there.' He said, "don't be a fool." Just sat and waited. I wished I could get a closer look."

"Didn't you have a pair of binoculars?"

"No, nothing like that, no camera or anything. I had a revolver in the glove compartment, always keep one there, have lots of guns. No binoculars or camera. Pretty soon I said to Jason again that I wanted to go down but he didn't answer. He was sitting behind the wheel biting his lip."

"Had the beeping noise stopped?"

"No, every few seconds we heard the sound. The smell seemed to still be there. After a while I wasn't sure about that, whether it was really there or I was imagining it."

"Did you think you were imagining the saucer?"

"No. It was right there, and the beeping."

"How long did you wait in the car in the fog?"

"A few minutes, then, finally Jason said he would go back and get to the nearest phone, get someone

from the state police out there on a pretext. I said the fog was too thick. If he wanted to go back, I wanted to get out and keep observation on the thing. I figured once he was gone I'd go down and get closer."

"It was still hovering over the field."

"Swamp is more like it, very marshy, full of rats."

"And you weren't afraid."

"No. Not yet. They hadn't started after us yet."

Kidnapped By Aliens

It was three-thirty or three-forty on a Friday night in August 1958. Jason and Robert Steiner had stayed late in New York City visiting with old friends of Jason's. There had been a party, a lot of drinking and carrousing and the Steiner brothers had not left before one-thirty. If it had been any later, they would probably have made arrangements to stay the night in the city and make the trip back the following day.

But the roads upstate were usually clear early in the

morning and the brothers felt they would be home and asleep before three if they had any luck. Jason drove and they started off toward the Henry Hudson Parkway.

They ran into fog at about two-forty-five however and were forced to slow down to a crawl. There were no lights along the highway and certainly none along the dirt road that led to their house and they crept along. Robert was unaware of the tedious strain upon his brother, however, because he had fallen asleep before they reached Peekskille.

Robert awoke when they turned off onto the dirt road, however, and peered ahead, adjusting to the fog. He said nothing to Jason but watched him working intently at the difficult job of keeping the car on the road. As they came to the rise already described Robert smelled a strange odor, like that of iron or steel when one has one's nose against it, and thought he heard a continuous, hollow, beeping sound. As he concentrated on the noise he became sure of it and turned to his brother who had stopped the car at the rise.

A short time later Robert first saw the series of lights to the right of the car back a bit into the fog. The conversation already reported took place between the brothers and Jason and Robert got out to take a closer look.

When they returned to the car, having noted that

the saucer was not near them at all but about two hundred feet away over the marshy field not far from their house, Jason backed the car up into the fog and doused the lights.

"I'll get the state police," Jason suggested.

"Then I'll wait here."

"Don't be foolish. God knows what that thing is and what's in it."

"I'd just as soon stay and keep an eye on it."

"Then we'll both stay."

"No, you go and get the state police."

"In this fog it will take me an hour just to get to a phone."

"There's a phone up at McSorley's."

"It'll take an hour." Jason repeated.

As they spoke the brothers kept their eyes glued to the lights in the distance. They leaned toward the windshield, Jason having moved the car quietly so they could both have a good view of the thing without straining and so that he could drive off in either direction immediately upon deciding to do so.

"I think we ought to drive down and get closer to the thing," Robert suggested.

"You're crazy," Jason stated flatly.

"No, I'm not. We could beep *Pi* at them."

"At who?"

"Listen Jay, that thing down there is a flying saucer and you know it as well as I do. We won't be the first

people to have claimed to see one tomorrow, and we won't be the first to be called crackpots—"

"Shh," Jason said.

As the brothers talked in a hushed whisper the noise that they heard seemed to increase in volume, though the lights remained stationary. The odor, too, seemed to be getting stronger, although it was difficult to tell whether they were imagining that part of it or not.

"I'm getting us out of here." Jason said and put the lights back on, then completed the turn, aiming the car back toward the highway.

Robert made no protest, the fear he had heard in Jason's voice had been communicated to him. He felt it rush over him in a cold sickening wave.

Jason turned the car and began the decent of the hill, perhaps a bit more quickly than the perilous fog required. But his knowledge of the road and his skill as a driver stood him in good stead and he gained the flat terrain below without incident. He was still on the road.

But the fog was thickest now and he had to slow down. The dirt road curved several times and there was nothing to warn Jason of when the turns were upon him; there were no signs of landmarks of any kind, just the continuing brush and trees along the road. He had a good general idea, of course, of when to turn the wheel, but not a precise one, not one, certainly, that was precise enough.

He drove too quickly and almost lost the road. The right back wheel got stuck in some mud and it took a lot of spinning of the wheel, and backing up slightly and rushing forward, to get out.

Finally, they thought they were close to the highway and Jason held his breath, hoping to see the lights of some passing car or the asphalt of the highway show in the double beams of his headlights as they cut, ineffectively, through the dense fog.

Unfortunately he saw something else entirely. After the wheel had gotten stuck in the mud he had proceeded more cautiously and was now going at a crawl, leaning far forward in his seat to see as well as he could. Robert was staring straight ahead in the same manner frequently however, turning all the way about to look down the road behind them for lights. There was nothing to see on either side except thick brush and trees and there wasn't enough width to the road to see anything above but the tops of the trees. To check the sky they would have had to stop the car and get out, something neither of them suggested.

Then, instead of the asphalt of highway thirteen ahead of them they made out the lights of small beams, like the lights of numerous flashlights, and the shape of a blockade of some kind, a road block, on either side of which were several shadowy shapes.

Jason slowed the car to a halt and sat quite still. Robert too made no sound whatsoever. The figures

ahead, caught in the almost worthless beams of their headlights, were not moving either.

In his report under hypnosis, and later when he could again recall the incident without the aid of Dr. Brant, Robert contended that the possibility that the creatures ahead of them were anything but aliens had not even entered his mind.

Neither Jason nor Robert could, in fact, see them clearly, although they were no more than fifteen feet away, probably less, still he was sure they were not men.

The strange metallic odor seemed to be everywhere. The continuous beeping sound was gone but the resulting silence was strange for the country, it was not usual, there was no sound of crickets though their noise usually filled the neighboring woods.

Then, very slowly, two of the things before them began to approach the car.

Robert thought of the gun but made no move for it. He was frozen with fear and wonder, waiting for his first close glimpse of whatever it was that was approaching him. Jason remembered feeling dead, absolutely worn out from the ordeal of the driving and the fear of the aliens; he just sat there staring blankly ahead of him, feeling the effects of the adrenelin that his heart was pumping into his system, feeling his scalp tingle and his skin seem to stand away from his flesh.

They were bipeds, that much had been clear early, then. When they were no more than a foot away from the front bumpers of the cars they stopped, each to one side of the automobile so they could easily have avoided contact with the Ford had Jason suddenly started it up and lurched forward.

One of them, the one closest to Robert, motioned for them to get out.

They were humanoid. They had arms, legs, a head. Their features were not entirely unlike that of men but blunter. Jason claims that they had no noses but Robert is not sure on that point. They seemed dark in the outside, in the fog-filled night, but neither brother is ready to say that they had any strange tint, green or otherwise.

Of course, whatever they maintain, both Steiners were petrified with fear. Some of the things they claim about this part of the night do not coincide. Jason says that the creatures made no sound whatsoever, but Robert thought he heard them squeek. Both Steiners agree that there was something on their belts which gave off a yellowish light.

Again the creature to Robert's right indicated by waving his hand that the brothers ought to get out of the car. The brothers, both of whom remember gulping, got out of the car. Each on his own side.

At that point the creatures stepped off the road and motioned each brother to pass before them and be-

tween them in the direction of the road block and the other creatures, Jason obliged quickly staring straight into the eyes of the being on his left as he passed it, keeping his fear and his horror in check as best he could. He claimed he felt like puking right there from fear. A coldness seemed to grip him and he thought he was dying.

Robert walked straight ahead without looking to his right and approached the roadblock through the fog. The uniforms of the creatures were also dark, according to Jason. He says he called them uniforms because they were all dressed alike with the same strange yellowish luminescent disk on their belts. Robert is more vague about their looks and dress claiming that it all happened so quickly he can remember only his impressions. His impressions of their faces was that they were indistinct, dark; they themselves were short, (don't forget, however, that both Jason and Robert are tall men) shorter, anyway, than most men and cold. Robert is unable to say what he means by that, that they were cold, but he repeats often, both during the tape recordings of the hypnotic sessions and in free conversation now that he remembers the entire affair. They were cold.

As Jason and Robert walked passed the two creatures, the creatures came up behind them. The humanoids from the roadblock also approached so that there was no chance for either of the brothers to run. As the

creatures from behind came closer they grasped both brothers by the arm and both Jason and Robert remember nothing else for awhile.

It is sheer speculation, of course, but it is Jason's opinion that they were in some way drugged by the initial contact with the creatures (by the ones that came up from behind and grasped them each by the arm) and that that is why they fainted and not because they were afraid.

Robert, in support of this hypothesis, continues to maintain that fear had not yet gripped him. He felt Jason's fear very plainly and had let it get to him, but that fear was nothing compared to what he was later to feel; the fear that was to traumatize him entirely. He claims he walked boldly passed the creature on his right toward the humanoids that held the flashlights, or things that looked like flashlights and worked like them, in an attempt to find the leader of the group and make it plain that he was friendly. He claims that he didn't doubt for a moment that these were creatures from another planet and that they were what many people had claimed to see and that their ship, the saucer-like vessel that the brothers had seen from the rise, was the kind of U.F.O. that had caused so much speculation and so many ridiculous denials on the part of the government and air force. Robert claims that all that was in his head at that time and

he wanted questions answered. He says that he was really not afraid, not yet, not really.

Jason, however, had no such ideas. When he walked past the creature near his side of the car he peered at it. It was so much like a human he felt sure, although he was petrified with fear, that it actually was a human, probably one he knew well that was attempting a magnificent practical joke. Perhaps the boys from the plant. Programmers, especially the ones at Jason's installation, were certainly capable of that kind of thing. They were science-minded and creative people. Jason's look to the left, however, did nothing to reassure him.

Robert remembered nothing else, until he awoke in what was obviously the ship he had seen from the rise, but Jason remembers that his consciousness returned momentarily. He was being carried by two of the humanoids on a stretcher of sorts. They were in the marshy field over which they had spotted the saucer hovering from the rise. The metallic odor was clear and powerful, the continuous beeping noise was back and somewhere above them lights were flickering on and off.

Jason looked up and saw that they were beside the ship. The vessel was huge, looming above him, the middle of it was at least ten-feet thick and the lights that he had seen flickering were located over the thick middle section in a row around the hull. From the

middle section Jason thought he saw more strange creatures staring and turning at intervals to one another; then one of the creatures that was carrying him reached down and touched him and that was all he remembered until he, too, awoke in the ship.

An Interest in the Skin and Genitals

When Jason awoke again, the realization of what had happened came to him and he cringed. He had not yet opened his eyes and was afraid to do so. He felt drugged and powerless. Waking had been like coming out of an incredibly deep and tortured sleep. He had no idea of the time.

He remembers clearly that his skin felt cold and clammy, that he was flat on his back on a hard surface, that through the fog his senses were in he could make

out an occasional pricking sensation on different parts of his anatomy. He felt naked. He remembers that he sensed the presence of a bright light even before he attempted to open his eyes.

This account seemed strange to me at first. Who awakens without first opening his eyes? It had been my experience that people did the two things simultaneously. For this reason I doubted this portion of Jason's story. Upon consultation with Dr. Brant and another physician, however, I changed my mind. Many people apparently awaken out of a deep and troubled sleep, are conscious of much that is going on around them, and have not yet allowed their eyelids to open. Dr. Brant assured me that many people hope to fall asleep again, especially when they are troubled or afraid or when their dreams have failed to satisfy their deep psychological needs and he referred me to any number of recent books and articles on dreams and sleeping. I stood corrected.

Jason, in his tape sessions, and later during a series of interviews with me, told of how he began what had become for him an almost impossible process: the opening of his eyes.

He had already seen enough of these aliens that had kidnapped him, he no longer even had the remotest hope that all that was happening to him was a practical joke, funny or otherwise. He didn't want another look.

He was convinced beyond all possible doubt that

he was aboard an alien ship and, for all he knew, he was speeding toward another galaxy or at least another solar system. He wanted none of this confirmed.

He recollects that he lay still on the slab, for he began to think of it as a slab: it felt cold, hard, for a long time. He refuses to guess precisely how long, and that eventually he told himself that he would have to face his fate, whatever it was, extra-terrestial or otherwise.

He tried to open his eyes.

He couldn't. He had been afraid before. His skin was in a cold sweat. It had taken much mental effort to summon enough courage to try to open his eyes, but until that moment he had really not known what fear was. He was afraid he was blind, he was afraid of all kinds of things. The possibility that he was blindfolded or drugged just so that he couldn't see, and that the situation was temporary, never entered his mind. He remembers shouting at the top of his lungs and trying to sit straight up. He remembers shouting, that he was able to do that much, and he remembers that he couldn't sit up, that his arms and legs were strapped down at his wrists and ankles, but that is all he remembers.

Something cold had been pressing his skin about his thighs and now something touched his shoulder and he dropped off again. When he woke the next time he lay absolutely still and tried to give no indication whatsoever of his state of wakefulness.

He went so far as to attempt to keep the motion of his eyeballs to a minimum although this was probably unnecessary (people move their eyeballs even in sleep) and he tried to keep his breathing regular.

His mind worked furiously. He was sure then that he was being examined and possibly prepared for an operation of some kind. He was relatively sure that he had been drugged at least three times but that the drug was not taking as had been planned, that he kept coming out of his coma too early. He says that he thought then that that might be his only chance, his only weapon, and he was reluctant to give it away. He claims he lay there upon the slab and pretended to be sound asleep.

There was a strong light pressing against his eyelids, of that much he was sure. First of all his body felt naked except for the four straps that held him pinned down, and the bottom of his body felt much colder than the top.

Secondly the light from above seemed to be blocked out on several occasions and on each of these occasions he felt something touch his skin above his breastbone. He felt no pain and claims it was very much like being operated on under a local anesthetic. Sometimes you can feel the area that is being worked on but there is no pain, just the sensation of being touched.

He was tense of course, his muscles were ready at a moment's notice to flex and strain against the straps, no matter how sincere his belief that there was no

chance of freeing himself, and that worried him. He was afraid he was giving away his state of wakefulness by being tense. He concentrated all his efforts on remaining relaxed and controlling his breathing.

This led him to believe that someone or something was examining him from above, leaning over him at intervals thus blocking an overhead light.

After a time which Jason is hesitant to estimate the light went off or away. At any rate things cooled off a bit and he no longer felt any sensation on his skin. He waited a few minutes and then attempted again to open his eyes. He did not meet with success. Again he was unable to lift his lids and again he felt a cold wave of fear rush over him. He contends that this inability to see what was happening around him was by far and away the worst part of the entire ordeal.

He strained against his bonds without success, fearful, each second, that his captors would find him awake and do something worse than drug him. He relaxed for a moment and remembers worrying about Robert. He considered speaking his brother's name but remembered that he had received no answer when he had shouted for help. Probably Robert was not about. If he was close by chances were he was drugged or bound and gagged. Jason decided not to cry out.

He lay still and was about to make one last supreme effort to free himself, had, in fact, he says, began to gather his resources, feel the strength of his wrist and ankle bonds preperatory to giving one final shot at

ripping them, or at least one of them, loose when he felt the overhead light again through his lids. It was with a supreme effort that he restrained himself from crying out in surprise.

It was then that he felt the experiments that provoked so much interest, not just on his part when he recalled the incident well enough to speculate, but upon Dr. Brant's part and upon my own.

Someone or something was lifting Jason's genitals and letting them fall back in place. This precise feeling occurred at least three times while Jason lay prone on the slab. What his own thoughts at that time were are easy to imagine. His incredible restraint is also worthy of note. He continued to concentrate on his breathing and his muscles, attempting, still, to reveal nothing which might indicate his wakefullness.

The sensations from his testicles and penis continued. He felt as though someone were lifting the latter with a tweaser or with their fingers in order to investigate or examine the lower. But nothing more was done, nothing was inserted, no skin sample or blood test taken as far as Jason could tell. Of course there was to be no opportunity to examine himself even after he was once again free, he would remember none of this until almost seven years later.

In this author's opinion the aliens were interested in Jason Steiner's genitals in only a cursory fashion because they already had information, obtained at what

cost we can only guess, about the reproduction of our species. But more about this in a later chapter, suffice it for now to mention that it would have been easy enough for them to capture any variety and number of lesser animals to examine and experiment upon. Their experiments upon humans need only have been superficial ones.

At any rate this odd interest in Jason's genitals did continue for some time. Afterwards the light and the heat from it once again diminished and he was, he felt, left alone again.

This time he did attempt to signal his brother. He cried out softly at first and then with increasing volume for his brother Robert, yelling, at last, "Bob, are you here?"

He received no answer and remembers falling asleep once again, speculating that the aliens and not his brother reacted to his call and doped him for a fourth time.

Jason claims that his memory of these incidents was and is vivid. He claims that once his subconscious mind was willing to give them up, once Dr. Brant had freed him from the post-hypnotic suggestion of the alien creatures, he was able to remember in almost every detail what had transpired. He says that the effect of the drug or dope or whatever it was the aliens used upon him did not in any way clog his mind or confuse him. He claims that he was fright-

ened out of his wits but that he was thinking clearly all the while. He claims he remembers it as if it were yesterday.

Conversations with Dr. Brant have revealed to me that this is not peculiar for cases of this kind. When someone is forced to remember, under the influence of drugs or hypnosis, incidents which were of vital interest or importance to them they often return with remarkable accuracy. Dr. Brant feels that there is no more reason to doubt Jason's story than any other patients under hypnosis. Under hypnosis, remember, it is impossible for a patient to lie. He can say only what he believes to be the truth. A patient may be deceived about something but he is incapable of fabricating. Hypnosis is more powerful, in that respect, than any truth serum and although a patient under hypnosis may be difficult, may be stubborn, when he does say something that which he says must be dealt with as the truth as that patient knows it.

Jason's report of his kidnapping by the aliens continues of course but this might be a good time to make a few comments concerning the things which I have already revealed to the reader. What Jason remembers next is both shocking and extremely odd and requires a certain amount of preparation, lest the reader be put off by the uniqueness of this particular case. Remember that so far this story of the Steiners is not much different from those told by many sane and sober

people who claim to have been kidnapped by aliens or invited aboard alien vessels. Not the least of these is the famous case of Barney and Betty Hill, who, while driving home from Canada one night lost several hours that can only be explained by the strange facts they too revealed to a doctor of psychiatry under hypnosis. But that case is surely familiar to the reader.

It is therefore necessary at this point to ask the following questions: Why was the saucer in that particular field on that particular evening? Why did the aliens have such little difficulty in capturing the brothers? How were they able to approach the road and form a blockade near the main highway in time to stop the brothers from reaching safety?

Are the answers to these questions obvious? Perhaps they are. One thing is sure. One possible explanation seems awfully pat. If, in fact, the alien creatures were there specifically to capture the Steiners, a) because the Steiners lived in a remote place, b) because they were both young men, c) because they were both healthy and both had active sex lives, the questions above are answered.

Far fetched? After long discussions with the Steiners themselves and with Dr. Brant who spent long hours thinking about their case, listening to tapes again and again and piecing the story together in his own mind, as well as after long, hard hours of speculation and deliberation myself, the above answer seems more

than likely to be the true one.

Perhaps the aliens were not after the Steiners specifically but they were certainly after the two men in that car. They were not after them only to silence them, as will be obvious from the rest of the report. They were prepared for them because the roadblock was set up before they could get away.

In all probability the aliens knew precisely where they were and precisely who they were kidnapping. They may not have known them by name and occupation but they knew they were two strong young men.

Just a word about Robert's experiences. Were they at all similar to Jason's? Were experiments performed upon his person and did the aliens take an odd interest in his skin and genitals as they did in Jason's?

Robert himself can provide no help in answering these questions. Whatever the aliens had done to put him to sleep worked successfully. He had no recollection whatsoever of anything happening to him similar to the recollections of Jason's reported in this chapter. He remembers no slab, no light, no difficulty at any time in opening his eyes. He heard no shouts nor anyone calling his name. His first recollection was awakening in what he and his brother refer to as the "cell." His first recollection is Jason's fourth if we count them according to the number of times they awoke after being doped or drugged.

This is extremely important. The difference between Jason's and Robert's reactions to the series of experiments to which the aliens subjected them can be explained as much by this one fact as by the difference in the brother's personalities.

The Cell

Dr. Brant's initial and most important conclusion, which led to his brilliant and successful analysis of the Steiner brothers and his complete cure of Jason Steiner, was something that had happened in the summer of 1958 while Robert and Jason Steiner were driving their Ford probably through the fog which resulted in Robert's complete sexual traumatization.

It was that conclusion which he pursued and that conclusion which led him to his reliance upon hypno-

sis and his eventual breakthrough. But this report has so far indicated only why the Steiners felt strange fears and anxieties while driving together at night. There is far more to the story. All in all the brothers were kept aboard the alien ship for a total of thirty-six or thirty-eight hours. Their first memory of returning home was of a phone call from Robert's fiancee at about three in the afternoon on Sunday. She had been wondering about their whereabouts and had been afraid something had happened to them. Robert spoke to her and explained that they had stayed in New York longer than they had anticipated.

Neither brother doubted for any length of time that the explanation they had given Robert's fiancee was anything but the truth. Robert remembered feeling guilty about it, because he rememberd having been unfaithful but he never doubted its truth. That phone call was the first step in a long ladder of arguments and misunderstandings that eventually led to the breaking of that engagement.

It had been obvious to Dr. Brant that the aliens had employed some form of post-hypnotic suggestion. That explained the ease with which he had first hypnotized both brothers and the satisfactory results of his own post-hypnotic suggestion that they feel better and be more courageous when facing those situations which caused them anxiety.

The pieces of the puzzle were beginning to fall into place. Everything would become clear once all of

Robert's experiences had been revealed. Then the doctor could begin the actual therapy, the revelation that these remarkable experiences had actually taken place might be enough to cure Jason, but Robert's condition was obviously more critical.

Robert's first memory was of waking up on a bed in a small room. He felt strangely euphoric, light, airy. His head seemed to be both clouded and at the same time remarkably clear about some things. He had difficulty remembering what had happened to him or where he was but he saw the things about him with remarkable clarity.

The things around him were remarkable in and of themselves. Except for a table on which were a variety of fruit and the bed upon which he had woke, the only other object in the room was a young woman seated near him on a chair.

Under hypnosis Robert recalled exactly what had taken place between him and the person he found himself locked up with. He remembers that he was alone in the room with her for a long time, many hours certainly, and that she told him that she had been captured too.

When she said that, he remembered what had happened and looked around him for a method of escape and found none. The room seemed to have no doors or windows. His strange feeling of euphoria persisted and the odor that he remembered of steel or a metal of some kind permeated the atmosphere.

He had a difficult time keeping his mind on escape. The young woman continued to make light of their condition, speculating finally, that since they were stuck there they might as well eat.

At first Robert had no desire for food. He was worried about Jason and about where he was. He wanted to try to talk to his captors. He felt no fear and a tremendous amount of confidence, even strength. Later of course, he was to realize that he had been drugged.

Eventually he ate, following the young woman's lead. She ate slowly and he watched her as she ate. She was remarkably attractive and about nineteen or twenty, he guessed, and seemed extremely well-controlled for someone who had just been kidnapped by alien creatures. Then he considered that he too seemed especially relaxed and gave it no more thought. He continued, in his interviews with me and with Dr. Brant under hypnosis to stress the point that it was difficult to think about anything for very long.

It became increasingly so after he had eaten. The fruit tasted oddly but he found that he was famished. He guessed it was already late the next day because he felt fine, rested and starving, and he ate a lot.

After a few hours the girl began to get on his nerves. He could see, he claims, that she had something she wanted to say. Robert wanted desperately to think, but he listened to her.

She said that both of them were probably under

observation there and that, perhaps, if they would do what the aliens wanted, they would be set free. Robert remembers wondering about that for some time and finally looking up strangely at the young girl and remarking, "You don't really expect me to believe they want to watch us having intercourse, voyeurs from another planet?" He began a giggling spree which he could not stop for some time.

Each time his breath returned and he gained control of himself to the extent that he could stop giggling, he thought of the thing he had said, "voyeurs from another planet," and that seemed so hilarious to him that he started to laugh all over again.

He remembers falling asleep quite suddenly soon after that and waking up in a situation, which under any other circumstances, would have proved compromising. He remembers waking up in the bed with the young girl.

It is during this part of Robert's story under hypnosis that he shows the most strain, and it is most difficult to get him to talk about this aspect of the affair. It seemed obvious to the doctor after a thorough study of all the facts obtained from both brothers that the encounter with the young woman was the specific reason for having brought both Jason and Robert aboard, but Robert had, to the day I was brought into the case, taken little heart from that cold, scientific approach to his problem.

He had come to the horrible conclusion long before

being released by the aliens that the woman he had found himself in bed with was no woman at all but an alien creature or a robot of some remarkable kind. His feeling of horror at this revelation had traumatized him sexually.

When he saw Jason just before he was given the post-hypnotic suggestion, just before they were released together, one look at his brother was enough to tell him that he had been through similar or worse and that his worst fears had been justified. The young woman had been no young woman at all.

It is Doctor Brant's and my speculation that it is just as well that the aliens never realized Robert suspected. Neither he nor Jason might ever have been released. If our understanding of who and what those creatures are is anywhere near the truth.

It is our guess that Robert was alone in the cell with the young woman for at least eight hours. That he was probably thoroughly examined first and was then given some kind of "happiness drug," not dissimilar to marijuana, which addled his thought, made him feel light and increased his sensory abilities, gave him a spurious feeling of health and well-being, increased his hunger and his desire for sensual gratification.

When the drug did not have it's desired effects and he did not attempt to make love to the young woman or even heed her plea that they "cooperate" with the aliens, he was put to sleep again and put in a compromising situation with the woman in order to test their

theories anyway, or test their invention, however you prefer to look at it.

In the meanwhile Jason was being examined. When they were through and satisfied there, and when they were satisfied that Robert had been exploited as much as he was going to be, they put Jason back to sleep and placed him in the same "cell" with the same "young woman." Jason was given similar treatment. He awoke under the control of similar drugs and was pushed, by the young woman, to indulge in the fruit on the table. Jason's reactions, however, were far different from Robert's and perhaps thanks to that, the brothers were allowed their freedom. At least this is our speculation. No other theory makes as much sense, none, that is, that we have come across. But that will be explained in the following chapter.

After Jason awoke and looked around he sat quite still in the cell staring at the young woman for what seemed to him to be hours. He remembers that his first words to her were, "You have been sitting just like that for an hour."

She replied, again to the best of his memory, "No, only for a few minutes."

That was Jason's clue. That and the fact that he had been awake, apparently fooling the aliens, while the strange experiments with his skin were performed and while the creatures expressed an odd curiosity about his genitals. Despite the effects of the drug Jason was able to piece a few things together.

He had had, after all, a long time to think. He was not as familiar as was Robert, with the extant literature on the subject of Unidentified Flying Objects but he was aware that one of the pet theories of his brother's was that the creatures, whoever and whatever they were, were interested in simulating human life or at least in being able to construct human substitutes.

Oddly enough this explanation of the activities of the alien creatures is one that is in vogue today in part because of the known experiments the aliens have performed upon people like the Steiners and the Hills.

Because Jason was aware of this, because his hightened sense of smell and the knowledge the odor of metal brought with it, that he was a kidnapped guinea pig, served to help him keep his head in spite of the drug, and no matter how much fruit he ate.

In truth he did not suspect the fruit. He realized immediately, again because of his odd time sense (the time sense which made him think he had been staring at the young woman for an hour when, in fact, it had only a matter of minutes) that he was drugged. He didn't think there'd be more stuff in the fruit. Even if he had suspected, however, he claims he would have eaten it.

Just as the young lady argued to Robert, he was willing to do anything necessary to procure his release and that of his brother. If it meant taking a patent imitation for a woman, after it seemed a reasonable

time had elapsed for the drug to work, he was perfectly willing to do so. If the aliens thought they had been successful in fooling them both it seemed to Jason they had a better chance of being released than if the aliens thought they had seen through the masquerade.

Hypothesis

Dr. Brant has informed me, as has outside reading in the subject, that a drug similar to marijuana, or at any rate, of the same strength, may have no effect on tense or frightened people.

It was probably for that reason that the drug was administered while both Robert and Jason were supposedly under the influence of still another drug, a heavy sedative.

But Jason's sedative didn't take, it didn't take as

well as Robert's at any rate, that much should be already clear from the report. It was probably for this reason that Jason was able to outthink the aliens.

And Jason and Robert both claim they had to do just that. What Robert did not realize until afterward and what Jason realized immediately, that the woman was a fraud, was only too obvious according to the brothers. That strange metallic odor they first smelled while still on the rise, on the way home from New York City, seemed to come out of the "young woman's" pores. Even if she had been real, it would have been impossible not to think that there was a strong possibility that she wasn't, making the idea of contact with her abhorrent.

Perhaps the aliens have no sense of smell or have reason to believe that our sense of smell is primitive or vestigial. There is, after all, very little about our visible daily life to indicate that we use it.

Of course all this is just theory, hypothesis. Perhaps the creature aboard the ship was a young woman after all. But whether or not she was, Robert's conclusion that she wasn't, combined with his fear of the creatures and for his life, the experience was enough to traumatize him sexually for seven years. And Jason's belief that she wasn't kept him thinking throughout the entire affair, and, according to him, may have saved both their lives.

The general outline of all this was given to me by

Emmanuel Brant that same afternoon when he called me into his office and asked me to help Robert Steiner. The rest of it, the things which are obviously more than rough outline I learned by listening to the tapes (with the Steiners' permission) and by interviewing both brothers at length. I might mention now that I spent a good deal of time with Robert that winter, following up leads of flying saucer activity, examining reports from other sources and studying the available literature. All this was done not just in an attempt to help Robert as I had agreed to do when I became interested, to help him conquer his anxiety about the creature aboard the vessel, but to try to track down this phenomena myself.

Many of the reports of U.F.O.'s are certainly spurious, but many are certainly, just as certainly, true. I do not, in this book, intend to rehash age old arguments, arguments made much better by Edwards, Baker, Keel, and so many others, but to stick to the case history of the Steiners and report about it fully, accurately.

The theory which Dr. Brant, the Steiners and I favor, that the creature which resembled a woman aboard the ship was no woman in fact but an alien creation, fits very well with most of present U.F.O. theory.

If you doubt that you can do one of two things. You can read the theory and digest it or you can ask

yourself the following question: Why was that woman there? Why the bed? Why the fruit? Why the drug?

There are only two possible explanations: either the aliens wished to watch a man and woman together or the aliens wished to test, under laboratory conditions, a creature of their own construction or fabrication.

The first proposition seems highly untenable. After all they could have observed the phenomena under conditions far closer to normal. They, just for instance, could have snuck up under the Steiners' window or any other farm window in a deserted area and waited until they saw what they had come to see.

Remember there were no wires or devices on either Jason's or Robert's body while they were alone with the "young woman." It is therefore unlikely that they were testing their blood pressure, etc. And anyway, why should they?

It is also of interest that the "young woman" communicated with both brothers without difficulty. Neither Jason nor Robert detected any accent or any difficulty in talking. Yet the creatures themselves did not seem to use words to communicate. From the experiences of Jason while he was being examined, and of both brothers as they were being kidnapped, it seems clear that the aliens had other methods of making their thoughts known to one another. So many different possibilities suggest themselves that it is fruit-

less to speculate. The remarkable scientific ability of the aliens, however, is worthy of note. Imagine with what difficulty a creature is constructed that can talk, that can respond to whatever questions are asked of it.

The logical question to ask at this stage is why should the aliens construct such a creature in the first place, especially if they are able to drug or hypnotize whoever they please?

Of course we can only guess. It is probable that a creature of one's own design is more reliable than any operating under post-hypnotic suggestion. People who have been hypnotized by one person are susceptible of being hypnotized by another. People who have been drugged are recognizable as such and antidotes can be administered.

But why take the trouble to infiltrate the race at all? To take us over? To provide a home for homeless aliens? To make study easier? As an exercise in scientific curiosity and probability?

I have my own opinions, of course. Anyone who has been concerned with the problem for any length of time will begin to favor one or another explanation. In flying saucer circles I am not a radical. I do not think that the humanoids are here to warn us of an impending tilt in the angle of the earth in relation to the sun, as proposed by Baker. I do not think that the aliens are attempting to gain control of the earth in order to inhabit it, as proposed by every second-rate science fiction and television writer around. I do not

think that the aliens are demons or sadistic fiends as many people who are involved in the field are fond of hinting. Personally I think too many individuals let their minds and imaginations run away when they contemplate the unknown. Lets look at some facts.

A) U.F.O.'s of one type or another have been reported since biblical times. Certainly men have seen flying saucers since the middle of the last century. B) Probably the saucers all originate from the same source, or the same alien species for they have all changed in shape and style. No one, for instance, has seen the old cigarshaped variety in fifty years. C) The saucers are incredibly powerful. Energy sources are involved which we can only guess at. Magnetic fields can be set up and taken down instantly. The ships themselves can travel faster than anything we have or hope to have in the next two centuries. Objects which come within the field of a saucer have been known to cease functioning. Motorcycles stop only to start again as if by magic when pushed backward over the same spot at which they first stalled. Automobiles become useless. D) The aliens have knowledge of drugs which is certainly as sophisticated as our own. E) The aliens know of and can use hypnosis.

Conclusion: Since they have been here this long and are this powerful, if they meant us harm we'd surely know it by now. Conclusion: Since they have been here this long and are this powerful, if they

meant to enslave us all or colonize the earth, we would surely know it by now. Conclusion: we have no more to fear from the aliens in the next fifty years than we had to fear from them in the last fifty.

It is my guess that they are an advanced species who are studying us at their leisure, who have no interest in communicating with us because we can tell them nothing, who have no interest in taking over the earth because they can choose from a universe of planets and stars, that they are scientists and not warriors.

But if I have persuaded you to my way of thinking about them please do not breathe a sigh of relief. These conclusions are only a first step, a step which is little more really than removing superstition and mysticism from the subject. Just because the aliens mean us no harm doesn't mean they are harmless.

If they are, as I suggest, scientists studying our civilization and no more or less, they act with scientific impunity. They kidnap, hypnotize, trumatize, drug and experiment upon us as if we were guinea pigs. It is lucky that they have no interest in our death. If it were possible, I would like to suggest that we do something about them, ask them, humbly, to play someplace else.

There are those, I know, and the numbers include almost everyone interested in flying saucers, that believe we can learn untold secrets, open amazing doors of learning, not just in science but in philosophy, psychology, medicine. For these reasons and others

people attempt to track down the saucers and the saucer people, berate the government for denying their existence, make speeches, and write books.

I would like to suggest that this course is as mad as those disputed previously. It is nearly as filled with illogical thought and superstition. It is only too clear that the aliens are not interested in telling us or teaching us anything. And what could we learn from them even if they were willing to tell us their secrets? More weapons rather than more philosophy would probably be the result of this much sought after gift.

If the aliens treat us with impunity, assuming the right to sweep down out of the skies and kidnap us, enclose us with creatures of their manufacture, stick needles into our skin and watch us reproduce, what makes us think that whatever philosophy they may have will be superior to our own?

No, they are not yet making war on us. They have not killed large numbers of us. Even if the reports now coming out of Brazil are true, that whole villages are being destroyed by the saucers, still this is nothing compared to what they could do if they wished. Why expect them to be largely benificient, Santa Clauses from the heavens. This attitude is as nonsensical as supposing them to be demons full of untold horrors and insidious intentions.

Do not misunderstand my arguments. I do not claim that the government's policy of non-recognition (perhaps they think they come from Red China) is sane

either. The argument that keeping the facts from the public prevents mass hysteria is no longer tenable. The public knows. Flying saucer reports fill the papers daily. Vessels are constantly sited over marshes, over cities. It is public speculation that the saucers caused the great power blackout in 1966. No, the government's attitude is no saner than any other.

What I am suggesting is that the most reasonable attitude is that which Emmanuel Brant first espoused to me when he told me the incredible story of the Steiners. Stay calm, continue with whatever you're doing. Don't mistake the visitors from the sky for maniacs or messiahs. Quite probably, and hopefully as far as this writer is concerned, they'll go away. If we do have the chance to say anything to them in the near future, and that chance becomes increasingly better, let's tell them that. Go away.

What to Do When You See a Flying Saucer

I have not yet reported on the Steiner brothers last hours aboard the alien vessel or about their hypnotism and instruction, but I prefer to leave that for the last chapter. The reader must, by this time, be almost as curious about Robert Steiner, his relapse and whether he recovered.

When Dr. Brant asked me to help Robert Steiner, he did so in the knowledge that the man was incapable of receiving further psychiatric therapy. Steiner had

at first adjusted well. When the doctor sat the brothers down in a joint session and played back first Jason's tape and then Robert's concerning the kidnapping, thus bringing to their conscious minds that which their subconsciouses had been keeping hidden, both brothers took it exceedingly well. Almost immediately they recognized what they had said under hypnosis as truth and had soon afterwards felt on better terms with all those situations which had caused them fear and anxiety.

With one exception. Robert still found it difficult to have normal relations with a woman. He found he still had no interest in trying. The sublimation of the sex urge made him seek for another outlet and he chose to hunt down the saucers and the saucer people.

This was not as bad as it might appear. In sections of the tape not yet revealed, the brothers had been given post-hypnotic instruction to return to the rise where they first sighted the ship on the third anniversary of its appearance there.

They had followed those instructions almost in a stupor but no ship had appeared. Robert thought, and Jason concurred, that the rise might be a fine place to expect another landing, especially in 1966 which was a time of many sightings throughout the country.

I undertook to help Robert in his pursuit. I did this, not out of humanitarianism or generosity, but because, as Emmanuel had suspected, I became so intensely interested in the affair and in the subject of

saucers that I wanted very much to do it, Robert Steiner or no Robert Steiner.

My interest gave Steiner a feeling of accomplishment and involvment which, according to Emmanuel, helped him in his difficult readjustment after the full understanding of what he had been through struck home. As a personal note, however, it might be of interest to you to know that Robert is once again engaged to be married. The deleterious effects of the aliens were not lasting.

In our search for evidence, Robert and I consumed all the available literature on the subject. We purchased Japanese manufactured saucer detectors which are nothing more than little black boxes, equipped with sirens which are activated within fields of high magnetism. I recommend them to anyone interested in tracking.

Unfortunately, to date, we have made no sightings although we have followed the trail of saucer reports from Long Island Sound to West Virginia. As of this writing we are both still highly optimistic.

I consider it, in fact, something of a moral duty to track down the alien scientists. I seriously believe that I am the only man presently interested in saucer activity who wants to find them specifically to ask them to leave our planet. If this isn't a job that someone ought to be doing, I don't know what is.

In this writing I have taken pains to disguise the identities of both the Steiners and Emmanuel Brant

for reasons explained in the forward. If you haven't read it already I commend it to your attention now. If, however, there is any reader seriously interested in this case who wants further information, it is not impossible to get it. Robert Steiner, under his real name, is becoming known in saucer circles. He is available to anyone discreet enough to seek him out.

Discreet or indiscreet, however, should any reader come across a ship or someone who has recently seen a ship but who, for reasons best known to him, is keeping it quiet, please relate the incident to the appropriate people. Because of the official silence in these matters communication is a formidable problem. Anyone withholding information for fear of damaging his name can be assured, should be assured, right now, of anonymity.

Please, report all sightings, or indications of U.F.O. activity in your vicinity. The presence of a heavy metallic odor, probably that of iron or steel, the existence of strange magnetic phenomena, compasses that go wrong or spin wildly, the unusual stalling of machinery, motorcycles or automobiles within specific boundaries and a sound which is similar to the beep of some turn signal devices in automobiles but less frequent and continuous all are signs of possible U.F.O. activity in your area. Make note of them and be on your guard.

In the event that you are captured remain calm. You are not the first nor are you going to be the last.

Do nothing heroic. Do not put up a fight and do not attempt to communicate with the creatures unless you are willing to risk their wrath. They are not interested in you or in your message. Do what you think they want you to do and do it as best you can. In all probability you will be released.

Those of us who have specific messages we would like to see delivered personally to the intelligences behind the U.F.O.'s have conceived of plans and methods of delivery if captured. They are complex and probably dangerous. There are places for people to go if they wish to learn what is being done outside of government circles, but a discussion of that sort is out of the range of this writing.

To return to the sphere of this inquiry. Jason Steiner is today living a healthy, normal life. He has adjusted to both the fact that flying saucers exist and to his experiences aboard one. He doesn't talk much about it to outsiders and rarely thinks about it. Saucers exist, they are a fact of life, being kidnapped by one is dangerous. That's it. He isn't interested in theorizing about them or in tracking them down. Perhaps he's the most reasonable of us all.

Robert Steiner has made a career of saucers. He writes about them, lectures and investigates all reports of saucer activity that he possibly can. He does not reveal his own experiences aboard the ship that picked him up in the summer of 1958 unless pressed. There is a good deal of material he keeps to himself in an

attempt to sound as credible as possible to a sceptical and often uneducated audience. He lives in New York City with his brother.

Dr. Emmanuel Brant still has his practice, of course. It is mainly for his benefit that the names and certain facts concerning the Steiners have been changed. I sincerely believe that no one who does not know that the Steiners were kidnapped by a flying saucer will be able to identify them from this writing and therefore, of course, the gentleman I have chosen to call Dr. Emmanuel Brant.

Just one final word before reporting from the tape sessions and personal interviews on the Steiner brothers final hours aboard the ship. I hope I have done something more than tell about what is probably the most interesting case history in U.F.O. literature to date, one that, parenthetically, allows us to further our understanding of why the saucers are here and what they mean. I sincerely hope I have helped people who have an interest, a sincere and actual interest, in this phenomena to achieve a more concise and logical and rational approach to a field that is cluttered with superstition and myth and unbelievable logical fallacies. If my chapter "Hypothesis" does this for just a few people I will feel that I have been successful in writing this report.

The Steiners Final Hours Aboard the U.F.O.

After they had been aboard the flying saucer for what they estimate to be almost twenty-four hours, most of it under heavy sedation, the Steiners found themselves seated in a corner of what was probably the control room of the vessel.

The brothers had their first opportunity to exchange a few words since their capture but for some reason, probably because of their horror and exhaustion from their ordeal, they at first exchanged no more than a glance.

Robert still maintains that glance was enough to verify his greatest fear; that the "young woman" with whom he had been locked up in the "cell" had also been exposed to Jason and that Jason had somehow established that it was a creation of the aliens.

Although this is a difficult argument to prove it is just as difficult to refute. Robert claims that it is so. Apparently he knew his brother well enough to guess his thoughts at that crucial moment. But whether it is so or not there is little doubt that Robert thought it so. That was enough to traumatize him on the spot. He remembers shivering and dropping his head and Jason confirms this. Jason said, "take it easy, kid."

The brothers were seated next to one another on a cold slab. The room was dark but they could make out instruments all about them as their eyes and their minds began to shake off the effects of the last drugs that had been used to sedate them.

Robert finally raised his head and asked, "Where are they? Did you get a good look at them?"

Jason didn't answer at first he looked around the room and tried to distinguish his environment. He thought he sensed someone or something alive at the opposite end of the room, over by what appeared to be part of a concentric section of glass, probably the mid-section of the vessel.

"I didn't see anything at all," Jason answered.

He was being consciously devious. It was his guess that the aliens would be less anxious to release them

the more they knew. He hoped that Robert would avoid a discussion of the "young woman" if he had, in fact, also been placed in the "cell" with her.

"What do they want from us," Robert asked.

What follows is directly from one of the first tapes Dr. Brant made after realizing what he had stumbled across. This is Robert speaking, describing his feelings upon finding himself seated next to his brother in the control room.

". . . I was confused. I still am. Whether they carried me in there or I walked. I was half asleep certainly, and sick to my stomach, perhaps it was hunger. All I had had to eat was a few bites of fruit and I had been starving, absolutely starving when I had that.

"The room was dark and very large, much larger than the cell. I was glad to see Jason but I didn't believe it was really him until I looked straight at him. I wanted him to talk to me, to tell me that it had really been a woman, that he had met her and she had told him who she was and what she was doing there instead of trying to . . . I couldn't believe that . . . that they'd think that smelly creature was real . . . I looked straight at him and I could tell by his eyes that he'd met her too and that she wasn't real. He kind of smirked, you know, the way he would when someone was trying to put something over on both of us and we were both wise to it.

"He was looking around the room most of the time. I looked up at him once in a while. I asked him if he'd

seen any of them and he said no. He was thinking about something I think, didn't seem especially glad to see me, he was trying to work out some kind of plan, I suppose.

"I didn't care. I was sick to my stomach. Wanted to retch all over the place."

"How were you seated?" Dr. Brant asked.

"On a bench of some kind. It was metal I suppose, it was cold. I had had my full of that smell I can tell you."

"Were you bound?"

"Our hands were bound in front of us?"

"With what?"

"With rope, hard black material . . . it was very dark in there."

"How long did they keep you in there?"

"I don't know. I can't be sure of how long any of it was. I was asleep a lot, it was always like waking from a deep dream."

"Are you sure the part about the girl was real? Perhaps you dreamt that part of it," the doctor suggested.

"Perhaps I did," Robert answered slowly. He did not as yet know, of course, that his brother would support the proposition that there was a "girl."

"Did you try to get loose?"

"No, he just sat there. I couldn't understand why Jason wouldn't speak to me. I was too sick to say much of anything. I kept thinking about the girl and

looking around and feeling sick to my stomach."

"Were any of 'them' around?"

"I didn't see any of them, later there was the voice."

"Tell me about that?"

"After the discs came on, a voice started. Very friendly, very low, low key kind of. It told us we were tired, hypnotized us, forget everything . . . be on the rise in three years . . . forget everything, go home. It asked where we had been coming from when we were taken. Told us to say that we arrived late . . . asked all kinds of questions."

"Can you remember them?"

"Yes."

"Tell me them."

This particular tape account goes on with a long narration by Robert about the questions put to him by the alien hypnotist. The alien was interested in many aspects of his daily life, aspects which don't interest us here.

The point to be gathered are that the alien, or someone, was capable of communicating with the Steiners on a voice basis, not telepathy or something else, but voice to voice, which substantiates the thesis that the "young woman" was a creation of the humanoids. It is possible, of course, that the brothers only imagined that the communication was achieved in this manner, that they were drugged to think so, or their minds told them that this was the way it was happening because that was the only fashion in which their minds

were capable of understanding what was taking place. But whether or not this is the case is academic. If it was telepathy and not voice communication a similar process might have been used with the 'woman' in the cell.

The reader will note the mention of discs. After the brothers had been seated for a time, trying, in vain, to distinguish their environment, attempting to do nothing, three round objects lit up on an apparatus before them and began turning in synmetrical motion a few inches to the right, then back again to the left, then back right, etc. It was on these discs that they turned their attention and, thereby, were hypnotized. They were aware that they were going under but were unable to help themselves. In all probability they were still under the influence of a drug, witness Robert's complacency, his failure to attempt escape.

Jason on the other hand thought of it but discarded the notion as silly.

". . . must fight this (his tape on the same incident toward the end of the ordeal) . . . probably one of them over there by the windows . . . must look subdued, not mention seeing them . . . any of it. Want to get out of here, oh God how I want to get out of here . . . shut up Robert, don't say anything, just sit there, just sit there. Get us both murdered.

". . . there going to do something to us now . . . just standing there watching us I know he is . . . don't give him away . . . let him think I can't see him . . . I

can smell him all right, the idiot, and his girl friend too . . .

". . . lights . . . what's this, tapes, no, discs, like tapes, going to hypnotize us that's it, don't let them ask about the woman, don't let them ask that. . . . ?

The "tapes" to which Jason was refering obviously were the discs the aliens used to keep their attention in order to hypnotize them. These discs bore a clear resemblence to the lines of tape reels in the computer installation in which Jason and Robert worked and it was only natural that they associate the two.

Jason's report about the hypnosis is as complete as Robert's. The aliens did not question him at length but asked only a few questions, apparently checking Robert's answers about their activities the previous night and day, again suggesting that the brothers use the excuse of being detained unexpectedly in the city as their reason for arriving home late. Apparently the aliens had every reason to believe the brothers would accept this story as true in their conscious minds and, indeed, they had every reason to be justified in this belief. The entire episode was hidden and hidden well for over seven years.

At the end of the alien hypnosis session both brothers were told to go to sleep. They did. They remember nothing else of the hours they spent aboard the ship. Jason need not have worried, no questions concerning the incident in the "cell" were put to either of the Steiners, and Robert revealed nothing of his

incredible concern over the incident. They awoke back in their car parked at the side of their house, accepted the story the aliens had fabricated for them and went on to follow their ordinary day to day lives.

But they did not follow them without exception of course. Deep in their subconscious, memories of the incident began to torment them. Robert's sex life was adversely affected, as has been shown, and the brothers began to experience the symptoms previously discussed with increasing frequency and intensity over the years until they were finally driven to Dr. Brant.

Three years after the incident, to the day, the brothers returned to the rise at about the same time of night that they had first seen the alien ship, smelled the odor, etc. They came to it without preparation, without discussion, as if it had all been previously arranged for them and they were merely puppets. At that time, of course, they didn't know how much like puppets they were actually behaving. They thought being there and waiting for hours that night was a perfectly normal activity. Neither of them had a second thought concerning it at the time. Such was the power of the aliens post-hypnotic suggestion.

Why no aliens arrived that night, why the alien hypnotist had suggested the rendezvous in the first place is all a matter for complete speculation. I can offer no tenable theory concerning it. It is my own guess that it was the aliens' whim, that they were "playing" with the Steiners and nothing more, but I

have already expostulated my opinion of the aliens and their purpose on our planet.

There is no more doubt in my mind that the incidents I have reported here did occur than there is that these alien creatures exist, that there are alien U.F.O.'s almost constantly in our atmosphere and that the sky is blue. My only hope, aside from the one I expressed at the close of the previous chapter, is that I have covered the case history of the Steiners fairly for the public. Again, I believe it, I know the Steiners believe it and that Dr. Brant feels it to be the unqualified truth. I have changed only certain superficial facts concerning the identities of the Steiners, of Dr. Brant and of myself, to protect all parties involved. The account of what happened aboard the saucer itself is exactly as it was related by the Steiners themselves.

It is of course possible that the Steiners are deceived about what happened that night and day. It seems to me to be extremely unlikely however that the two brothers should completely corroborate each others story *while under hypnosis* unless that story were true in every detail. Dr. Brant and I have been over it time and time again. There is no doubt but that this happened and that it happened quite the way it is reported here, any inexactitudes being my fault and no one elses. I know that there are members of the public who will scoff and pick the story apart bone by bone. There always are. I should be very surprised

to find any logical holes in it, however. There will be members of the public who scoff when if the aliens decide not just to pester us, use us for guinea pigs and to play God with, but show us a display of strength and destroy one of our cities for holiday sport. Though I doubt that they shall ever do that. We mere humans aren't worth the trouble.

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